

# The Partying

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Summary: After the war Master Chief gets tired of civilian life, so he has a crazy party, full summary inside, please read n' review!

## The Partying

Title: The Party-ing.

As you can plainly see, I have made a few changes to this fan fic, first of all, it is no longer in script format, as the format Nazis, uh, I mean fanfiction. net admins do not allow this, most likely because their mama had too much whiskey for breakfast when she was pregnant with them... (just kidding!) I don't see what's wrong with script format, did they really have to delete all those THOUSANDS of fanfics just because they look a little different? Don't judge a fan fiction by its format, don't be text-prejudice... grumble... Nazis...

ALSO! I made a few changes here n' there to the dialog, so it sounds better. I do believe that it is for the better, and that you'll enjoy it so.

Disclaimer: If I did own halo, you bet I wouldn't be writing fan fictions right now.

Summary - After the human/covenant war Master Chief is forced to return to civilian life, and using ancient forerunner technology Cortana has been given a body... for some reason... Anyway Chief has been bored lately so he decides to invite over some friends for snacks n' games n' such, thinking it might liven things up a bit... but getting all the halo 2 characters under one roof may be just to much for this Spartan to handle...

\* \* \*

>2 Years after the humancovenant war, we find the master chief

loafing around his new penthouse, that he was given by the military for saving humanity on multiple occasions.

(sigh) "It's so boring here, not like the good old days. Destroying entire ring worlds, fighting wave after wave of aliens hell bent on my destruction, combating evil killer popcorn shrimp-zombie things while that damn light bulb floats around sputtering about how great he is and muttering under his breath about how I suck, then turning on me and trying to dissect me with his stupid sentinel laser-things... Okay, maybe I don't miss that part so much, but none the less, if I don't liven things up a bit around here, I think I'm gonna' go crazy. Wait! I have, (dramatic pose) AN IDEA!"

Meanwhile...

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA! EXPLODING TEETH! HAHAHAHAHAHA!" The Arbiter laughed while watching Foamy the Squirrel in 'Neurotically Yours' on his computer, and nearly falling out of his chair.

"I do not understand sir, what is so funny about a small earth rodent obviously doing things that said rodent could not normally do? Possibly involving this human female "Germaine" and seemingly over-medicated earth rodent "Pillz-E". This does not make sense, and according to my scanners, is reducing your brain cell amount as we speak!" Zuka Zamamee said looking at the hysterical Arbiter.

"Zamamee ...No I'm... doesn't..."

"Sir, I believe it would be in your best interest to shut off this computer, and go outside for once..." Zamamee said worriedly.

"What? No way! The Internet is my outside, and as of this moment, you will be functioning at severely-reduced pay, and will be demoted under command of my favorite grunt, Yayap."

"Excuse me? Yayap? That drunk?"

"Yup!"

Then the arbiter's computer lets out a faint chime, and a message pops up accompanied by a voice saying "YOU'VE GOT MAIL DAMMIT!"

"Oooh Mail! Goody goody goody! I wonder Who it's from?" (opens e-mail)

Subject: party thing

Date: 6/25/2554

From: \$par-10-john117at hotmail dot com.

Body:

hey arbiter! sup? chief here, i got bored of civilian life so i'm gonna have a lil' shindig to spice up da scene. if u wanna come u can bring sum friends, and dip, lots and lots of dip, for the snacks. so plz come, and remember 2 bring sum ppl k?

b there, john.

"God, I love party's at other people's houses, you never have to worry about cleaning up the multiple glasses of wine you inevitably spill all over the brand new pristine white carpeting. Shweet." The Arbiter said.

\* \* \*

>Literally seconds later at Cortana's new house...<p><p>

(Polyphonic funky town plays on a cell phone)

"Hey, I wonder who's calling?" (answers phone) "Hello?"

"Hey cortana! Sup?" Chief said.

"Oh hey chief, nothin' much, just the usual things and stuff. And yourself?"

"Nothing special, but I've been bored lately and was gonna' have some kind of "box-social" kinda thing, and was just wondering if you would like to come. So wadda' ya say?"

"Hell's yeah mothers!"

"Cortana, you know that kinda speech is WAY to annoying coming from a hyper-cracker like you. I mean just because sarge can pull that kinda stuff off doesn't mean you can."

"...Why whatever do you mean, Chief?"

"Well, I'm just sayin' that you're too white bread for that sorta thing. It sounds (ahem) awkward... You know?"

"I don't follow..."

(sigh) "Never mind, anyway, I'm havin the party, so bring some friends and some food."

"Okay, how about I bring a quiche?"

"No, no quiche, quiche is the devil, and is not permitted in my homestead. Just bring a pie, or something like that."

"Can I bring a soufflÃ©?"

"Nope."

"But why?"

"Because mama always said, "SoufflÃ©s are for Nazis and degenerate hippies". She also said that "Life is like a box of chocolates, you never know what you're gonna' get"."

(groan) "So are you saying that I should bring a box of chocolates?"

"Yeah, sure, whatever floats your boat..."

\* \* \*

>Later, we find Sarge walking down the street with Mendoza and Chips Dubbo (the Australian guy) shopping for a teargas launcher.<p><p>

"I still don't see why we need to buy this, I mean teargas? Is that necessary? It's just a grunt barmitsfa." Mendoza said.

"Yeah, well you can never be too careful, those little bastards could bite your kneecaps off when you're not lookin'!" Sarge said.

"Oi! mates, why the bloody 'ell do I have to be the party clown?" Chips said.

"Because, you have a funny accent \_and\_ a funny name, also money's tight right now, because the corps cut our pay, and we all have bills to pay, and less money to pay them." Said Sarge.

(sigh) "I suppose."

Beep! Beep! Beep!

"What was that?" Said Mendoza.

"Oh hold on, that was my new T-mobile sidekick 2." Sarge said.

"WHAT? Sir, how the hell do you expect to pay all the bills if you keep blowing our money on useless junk?" Mendoza yelled.

"BECAUSE I NEED NICE THINGS TOO DAMN YOU!" (bitchslaps mendoza)

"Owie."

"Hello, this is Sargent Johnson, who's this?" Sarge said into the T-mobile sidekick.

"Hi sarge! Wanna' go to a little get together at my place?" Chief said.

"Sure! What do I bring?"

"Friends, and food."

"Sweet, I'll arrange for my limo to pick us up and bring by a couple hundred dollars worth of snacks, then we'll talk about party start times, and what not. See ya Chief."

"LIMO? A COUPLE HUNDRED DOLLARS? THAT'S NOT IN THE BUDGET!" Mendoza yelled at Sarge.

"Yeah, well... shut up..."

(sigh) "We're never going to afford that hovercraft..." Chips said.

\* \* \*

>Still later, on Halo installation 05...<p><p>

"Oh my! I am receiving an incoming transmission from earth!" 343 Guilty Spark happily chirped.

"Interesting, is it anyone we know?" 2401 Penitent Tangent said floating over.

"Hm, why yes. Remember the reclaimer from Earth, the Master Chief?"

"Hm, fascinating that he would posses the technological means necessary to contact this installation from that great a distance with only a computer!" 2401 PT said.

"Yes, well I suppose that's Microsoft Windows for you."

"I find it strange that our creators could not perfect the same technological wonders of the Microsoft corporation."

"Well our creators were on a budget, what with battling the flood, and all." 343 GS said.

"Oh yeah... I forgot about that... Well you might as well patch the transmission with the reclaimer through, before he decides to give up waiting."

"Good idea Penitent Tangent, ahem, Hello reclaimer! This is 343 Guilty Spark speaking, how may I help you?"

"Hi there 343 Guilty... Oh wait, I just remembered, I don't like you..." (click)

"My how rude!" 343 GS said.

"Oh well, It doesn't matter, Doo-dee-doo-doo, I am a genius!"

"WHAT? PENITENT TANGENT! YOU BASTARD! THAT'S MY LINE! I'LL KILL YOU!"

"BRING IT ON SOUP CAN!" PT said.

Somehow the two monitors manage to beat the crap out of each other, only to realize that they would have more fun annoying Master Chief, and friends, so they set off together with some sentinels for Earth to crash the Master Chief's lil' party.

\* \* \*

>Yet again, later, aboard the Cairo orbital defense platform, we see Lord Hood standing near a random marine, when suddenly a small monitor starts beeping, and alert them of an incoming message...<p><p>

"Sir! Incoming call, from Spartan 117." The random marine said.

"Patch it through marine." said Lord Hood.

"Hi there sir!" Chief said.

"Why hello there chief, what's the situation?" Hood said.

"Well I'm planning a little get party thing soon, and would like to know if you will attend."

"But of course!"

"Good! Bring some people, and some snacks!"

"Bring some people, and some snacks what?"

"...Uh, bring some people and some snacks... sir?"

"That's right foo! Don't you mothers be disrespectin' my bad self, cuz this is MAH HOUSE! MOTHUS'!"

"...Um, o...kay, I, uh just remembered! I, uh, left my apartment on fire! Yeah, sure, let's go with that... weirdo." (click)

"So if you don't decide to go sir, then what are you going to do tonight?" the random marine said.

"The same thing we try to do every night pinky, TRY TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD!" (pinky and the brain music plays)

"O... kay, right..."

\* \* \*

>At the same time, on the new covenant holy city, High Chastity, the Prophet of truth goes on bitching about some damn thing...<p><p>

"I can't believe that the stupid flood decimated High Charity! Oh, once our engineers are done repurposing those sentinel beams, I'll show them not to mess with the old covenant!" Truth bitched quite loudly.

"Your holiness! We have intercepted a transmission from the demon!" A Grunt said hobbling over, waving some memos in the air.

"WAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA? I order you to patch it through immediately! That pig ruined my affair with regret and mercy!"

O.O;;;;;;;;;; Everyone, and I mean **\*\*EVERYONE\*\*** looks at the Prophet of truth.

"Oh wait, did I say that out loud? None the less, if I bitch for long enough everyone will forget all about it, now show me the transmission." Truth said.

(bigass T.V. appears out of nowhere)

"Is that the bigass T.V. from know your stars halo style?" the Grunt said.

"I DID NOT STEAL IT OFF THE SET WHEN NO ONE WAS LOOKING, BECAUSE WE CAN'T AFFORD A BIGASS T.V. LIKE THAT, BECAUSE WE'RE POOR! DON'T POINT

THE FINGER AT ME!" Truth screamed.

"... That's not what I asked sir..."

"Then I suppose it was rather strange that I brought that up unprovoked, isn't it?"

"It was rather stupid of you, if I do say so myself."

"STUPID OF ME? WHY THAT'S HERESY, TO INSULT A PROPHET! GUARDS, TAKE THIS GRUNT TO BE BURNT WITH THE MARK OF SHAME, THEN, AS A PLOT TWIST, MAKE HIM THE NEW ARBITER FOR SOME REASON!"

Ahem, now where was I? Oh yes, now I remember! I was watching an intercepted transmission from the demon." (watches T.V.)

(From the transmission from earlier)

"Hi there sir!" Chief said.

"Why hello there chief, what's the situation?" Hood said.

"Well I'm planning a little get party thing soon, and would like to know if you will attend."

"But of course!"

"Good! Bring some people, and some snacks!"

(End transmission)

"Blast! The demon thinks he can have fun after what he did to the old covenant?"

Well not on my watch! I shall destroy him with my new ultimate weapon! Bring out the ghost of Tartarus whom we revived from the spirit world after the arbiter killed him on the sacred ring!"

Then a grunt waddles in with a ghost busters backpack. (FWOOSH) Tartarus appears wearing a sheet on his head, and rattling some chains.

"ooooooooooooooooHHHHHH! I AM THE GHOST OF TARTARUS! FEAR ME OR I SHALL SUCK OUT YOUR BONES WITH MY BENDY STRAW...OF DOOM!" The ghost of Tartarus said, then rattled some chains.

O.o; "...O...kay...Ahem, well Tartarus, I see that you have been revived properly," (looks at a grunt) "I trust the seance you used to revive him went well?" Truth said.

"Well, aside from contacting satan a number of times, and having the Ouija board tell us to kill our comrades, and smear the walls with their blood, then yes, I suppose you could say it went very well indeed..." the wee little grunt said to Truth.

"...Wait, where are your comrades anyway?"

"Well, uh," (notices a severed grunt head with a pentagram carved into its forehead, then nonchalantly tries to nudge it under a table, hoping no one will notice) "THEY WENT ON VACATION!" (nervous laugh)

"Yes of course!"

"Oh? Where to then?"

"Uh, uh, Canada! Yes, Canada! They, um, they took a bus!"

"Really? You mean to tell me that an entire squad of grunts, with no driving ability whatsoever, managed to take a bus to our enemy's homeworld...10,000 light years away... in the middle of space... without me knowing?"

"...Uhhh, yeah?"

"...Fine, works for me! So, ghost of tartarus, your mission will be to infiltrate the enemy homestead, destroy the people inside, and bring all the snacks to me, understand?"

"ooooooooooooooooHHHHHH! I AM THE GHOST OF TARTARUS! FEAR ME OR I SHALL SUCK OUT YOUR BONES WITH MY BENDY STRAW...OF DOOM!" (rattles chains)

"Uh, is that all he can do?" Truth said.

"Um, Pretty much... And by pretty much, I mean that's all old Tartar sauce can do... Just say that one sentence, and rattle those chains." the Grunt said.

"Crap, oh well, it's better than nothing. Pack him some snacks, and send him to earth. Where he will bury the demon once and for all!"

\* \* \*

>Back on Reach we find Spartans Kelly, Fred, and... some other unimportant people pretending to be busy in the background... Linda and Will are busy somewhere on a crazy-ass suicide mission the the few Spartan II's usually get sent on.<p><p>

"Hmm, I never realized how boring a planet gets after half of the atmosphere is vaporized by a covenant armada... Maybe I'll give chief a call..." said Kelly.

"Good idea." Fred said... hey, that rhymes!

Still meanwhile, at the... uh, whatever-the-hell-Master-Chief's-last-name-is residence...

(phone rings)

"Hello? Who may I ask is calling?" said chief.

"Howdy-doodle there John! It's me, Kelly! Remember? Kelly? Huh? Do you John? DO YOU?"

"Oh, hey there Kelly! Of course I remember you of all people! How the hell could I forget good old loud, hyper active, 'I-can't-sit-still-for more-than-a-few-seconds' Kelly! Are you still addicted to pixie stix?"

"Of course I am! I'm the fastest Spartan for a reason! I need to eat my body weight in sugar so I can be so fast! Kinda like a humming



bird, so every once in a while I have to consume... or snort massive amounts of sugar, and I use pixie stix because all you have to do is go to the bathroom, or some other place that no one's looking, rip the top off, spread it into little lines with a razor blade, and up my nose it goes!"

"Oh... My... God... Uh, Kelly?"

"YESH?"

"Um, I don't think it's safe to be snorting all that sugar up your nose. Although it does explain where all that energy that you use to move so fast comes from... Kelly, do we have to have another intervention?"

"Intervention? Like the one we had to get Sargent Johnson to stop wearing that purple leotard?"

"I still say it was a tutu."

"Yeah, probably, oh wait! It's three o' clock! Time for mommy to take her special medicine!" (SNORT) (snorts one of those jumbo pixie stix)

"OH GOD KELLY NO! NOT THE PIXIE STIX! YOU KNOW HOW YOU GET WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR THREE O' CLOCK SNORT!"

(on a crazed pixie stix induced EXTREME sugar high) "OMFG! IFREAKINLOVEPIXIESTIX! IGOTTAHAVEMYPIXIESTIX! OHMAHGOD!OHMAHGOD! OHMAHGOD!"

"Kelly? KELLY? You're not making any sense! I can't understand you! Jesus H. Christ! This broad is DAMN high!"

"OHMAHGOD! SUGAR! SUGAR! SUGAR! SUGAR! IGOTTAHAVEMYFRIGGINPIXIESTIX!" (starts foaming at the mouth)

"Kelly, I have a special job for you, I need you to SLOWLY put the phone down, and then give it to Fred, kay?" Chief said in a very calm tone so as not to make the sugar-crazed Spartan do any thing drastic.

"I DON'T KNOW YOU! THAT'S MY PURSE! (whips the phone at Fred at breakneck speeds)

BANG!

"OW! Dammit! I think I got a concussion!" Fred yelled when Kelly whipped the phone at him.

"Uh Fred, are you okay?" Chief said on the phone.

"Ah, God that hurt, I don't think I'm bleeding, so I guess I'm fine. Is there something you wanted to ask me John?"

"Yes, actually. I was going to ask Kelly if she wanted to come to a party I'm having at my place, and to bring a guest or two, and some food, but she sort of freaked out on me, and... you know..."

"Yeah, old habits die hard I suppose, however, I would be happy to

attend, and I'll see who and what I can bring."

"Great, can I assume that you can bring the other Spartan II's?"

"I couldn't say, the others are on a mission right now, but I'll see. By the way, what time does the party start?"

"Whenever everyone gets here, I'm kind of just playing it by ear."

" So it's at my convenience eh? Very nice, if Kelly ever gets back to normal I'll bring her too... Wait... where is Kelly anyway?"... OH MY GOD! KELLY NO! Chief, hold on a sec, I'll be right back!"

Chief hears screaming noises on the other end of the phone, as well as the sound of a struggle, the sound of a hair dryer, and the song 'Shake Your Groove Thing' playing in the background.

(panting noises) "Hello Chief? Sorry about that, now what were we talking about?" Fred's voice sounded over the phone.

"Well we were talking about the party, but what in Heavens name was all that ruckus in the background?"

"Oh, that. You see, Kelly just tried to take a bath with her friends 'Mr. Plugged In Hairdryer' and 'Madam Boom Box That Only Plays Shake Your Groove Thing'... Again."

"Doesn't she know that she'll get electrocuted?"

"The woman's dosed up to the eyeballs on pixie stix, you tell me."

"Oh, I see. Well drop by whenever you can, I look forward to seeing you there."

"As do I, see ya."

"Toodels!"

\* \* \*

>Back at chief's house:<p><p>

"Heh, this is going to be the best part in the history of all parties, EVER! I sure can't wait to find out who/what everyone brings..."

Ding Dong!

"HOLY CRAP THERE HERE ALLREADY? WHAT DO I DO? HOW DO I LOOK!... Okay Chief, you know these people, you know what their capable of, every thing's fine... OR IS IT?"

\* \* \*

>AN: Well, there you have it! The re-submitted version of the Party-ing! I do hope you enjoy it, although, I don't see any good reason for this website not to allow script format, I mean everyone did it, Hell, lots of people STILL do it! If you haven't reviewed previously, then I would enjoy it very much so if you did that now, I

will be sure to try to answer as many questions, and try to cater to as many suggestions as I am able to, and I look forward to doing so. And if you are wondering, as I know you are, why I have not been updating recently, (well not recently, more like a few months, but you know...) It is because I am very busy with my other stories. I will be reloading more of my stories like "The Wizard Of Haloz" and "The Doomening" shortly, but they are taking a long time to reformat. Why you ask? Because I think I speak for all of us when I say "We authors have lives too!" And what a life mine has been recently! My summer vacation is here and my dad just bought a new boat! Yay! It's a 17 foot long Prowler 5.1, and I'm gonna' take it over to the Boston Esplanade or around the the Boston-Nahant-Lynn-Saugus area of the ocean to watch the fireworks! Oh, that reminds me, Happy Fourth of July everybody! I hope this gets posted by then, if not then I hope you all had a happy fourth!

P.S.- I decided to make Kelly addicted to sugar because I figured 'Hey, she has to get all that energy to move that fast somewhere'.

P.S.S - Just so you know, I may not be updating this for a while, because I have a lot of upcoming fan fictions, these include:

1. The Wizard of Haloz Reloaded - the new version of the deleted story.
2. The Doomening Reloaded - the re-formatted 'The Doomening'.
3. The Grunts and Their Rebellion - What do you think it's about?
4. The Arbiter's Day Out - The Arbiter goes to the mall, or something along the lines of that. (maybe)
5. The Arbiter Goes to the Beach - the title says it all.
6. The Arbiter Doesn't Go to the Beach - a possible sequel to number 5?
7. The Floodening - possible sequel to 'The Doomening'. (maybe)
8. The Life and Times of 'Orna Fulsamee - this one's also a maybe folks, but it would be about 'Orna Fulsamee's trip to Halo, and the whole Arbiter thing, but it might not get made, because it is still not totally clear if The Arbiter and 'Orna Fulsamee are indeed one in the same.

There you have it guys and dolls! So for now, I bid you adieu, until I update again!

End  
file.